

## CAMPAIGNING WITH A GRAND ARMY.

Some of the 104th Ohio's Service in the Latter Part of the War.

By L. F. BECKER, 104th Ohio.

After the capture of Atlanta, Gen. Sherman's army lay around the city in the following order: The Army of the Cumberland, Maj. Gen. Thomas, held Atlanta; the Army of the Tennessee, Maj. Gen. Howard, was at East Point, and the Army of the Ohio occupied Decatur.

The topography of the country in the immediate vicinity of Atlanta was carefully studied, and a new line of works constructed for the defense of the place. We now enjoyed a breathing spell, and to say the least, after nearly one-half of a year (longer time than the war with Spain) of the severest skirmishing, hard-fought battles, building of breastworks, etc., at the magnificent sum average, on a gold basis, but \$5 to \$7 monthly, the soldiers received their pay and had ample opportunity to spend it, buying soldier's goods at exorbitant prices.

Maj. Gen. Logan and Blair were temporarily absent, engaged in the important political affairs then in progress. Maj. Gen. Schofield returned to the headquarters of the Department of Ohio, at Knoxville, to give his personal attention to affairs in that quarter, leaving Brig. Gen. J. D. Cox in command of the Twenty-third Corps. "The pen is mightier than the sword" was vividly illustrated here, when Gen. W. T. Sherman, within a week issued the following order:

"The city of Atlanta belonging exclusively for warlike purposes, it will at once be vacated by all except the armies of the

On Oct. 1 Hood began his fatal march to the north, and crossed the Chattahoochee with his three corps of infantry, and pushed northward by way of Dallas. Leaving Sherman with his (Twenty-third) corps to hold Atlanta and the railway bridge over the Chattahoochee, on Oct. 4, in accordance with his previous intentions and arrangements, Sherman marched with the remnants of his army to Smyrna, camped, and on the following day to a strong position at Kennesaw Mountain. The Twenty-third Corps hastened via Vinings to the relief of Gen. Cox, who was "holding the fort" at Atlanta. The battle was already won by less than 2,000 "noble Spartans." Next day we continued our tramp, through Cartersville, Kingston, and Rome, where we arrived on the 12th. After a brush with the enemy, having thus ascertained that Hood's movement upon Rome had been merely a feint, we marched to Snake Creek Gap, where we lay two days watching the wily Johnnies. Hood, who it seems resembled that a little over five months before we gave them a whipping in this region. Learning by scouts that the enemy had retreated toward the Atlanta line, at Summerville, we skirmished with his rear-guard on the 14th, and the next day marched down the rich valley of the Chattahoochee to Galesville. At Blue Point, two miles from town, we went into camp, rested for five days, and lived off the "fat of the land."



CITIZENS OF ATLANTA LEAVING THE CITY IN COMPLIANCE WITH GEN. SHERMAN'S ORDER.

United States and such civilian employees as may be retained by the proper departments of the Government. \* \* \* The same military principles will apply to all military posts south of Atlanta."

This order fell upon the ears of the inhabitants of the city like a thunderbolt. They had never imagined that the war would reach Atlanta. Mayor J. M. Calhoun and E. E. Rawson and L. C. Wells, Councilmen, protested. Sherman, however, replied to their petition tersely:

"You might as well appeal against the thunderstorm as against these terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable, and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quietude is to stop this war, which can alone be done by admitting that it began in error and is perpetuated in pride. We don't want your negroes or your horses, or your houses, or your land, or anything you have; but we do want, and will have, a just obedience to the laws of the United States. That we will have, and if it involves the destruction of your improvements, we can not help it. \* \* \* Now that war comes home to you, you feel very differently. You deplore its horrors, and did not feel them when you sent car-loads of soldiers and ammunition, and milled shot and shells to carry war into Kentucky and Tennessee, and desolate the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people, who only asked to live in peace at their old homes, and under the Government of their inheritance."

Hood, too, entered the arena against Sherman. Sherman, who was styled "unprecedented," and concluded: "In the name of God and humanity, I protest, believing you are expelling from homes and firesides wives and children of a brave people." The latter, in his characteristic manner, made reply, and says in conclusion: "If we must be enemies, let us be men, and fight it out as we propose to-day, and not die in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity. God will judge us in due time, and he will pronounce whether it will be humane to fight with a town full of women and the families of a brave people on our back, or to remove them in time to places of safety among their own friends and people."

During the time 446 families were moved southward, comprising over 700 adults, 890 children, and 79 servants, with an average of 1,650 pounds of furniture and household goods of all kinds to each family. Below I give extracts from letters written home, under dates of Sept. 13 and 26, 1864, as follows:

"I suppose you have heard of the great victory which crowned our arms in the capture of the rebel stronghold. After four months of fighting, skirmishing, digging, and marching from Tunnel Hill to Jonesboro, we defeated the enemy, and compelled them to give up Atlanta. Our Corps is encamped near the Augusta Railroad, six miles east of the 'Gate City,' and not so very far from where, less than two months since, Hood's veterans attempted to catch our left wing, under the lamented McPherson, in the air. \* \* \* Every regiment and battery in this army has the privilege of inscribing Atlanta on its banners. Yes, proud may be that father, mother, brother, sister, or wife, who can say that she had a son, brother, or husband in that army under the brave Sherman."

Hurrying from Richmond to the West, Jefferson Davis visited his army, conversed with his Generals, and gave his orders for their future government. To the army he promised that their feet should again press the soil of Tennessee. To the citizens he avowed that within 30 days the barbarous invader would be driven from their territory. The retreat of Sherman from Atlanta, he said, should be like Napoleon's from Moscow. I here quote from the "Century War Book," page 206: "Forewarned, I took immediate measures to thwart his plans. One division was sent back to Rome, another to Chattanooga; the guards along our railroad were reinforced and warned of the coming blow. Gen. Thomas was sent back to the headquarters of his Department at Nashville. \* \* \* while I remained in Atlanta to await Hood's initiative."

## FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

A TRIO OF ANECDOTES.

War Experiences as Sketched by a Member of the 84th Ohio.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was a member of Co. H, 84th Ohio, in the Summer of 1862 the regiment was stationed at Cumberland, Md. In June Cos. H and D were sent out to picket the Baltimore &amp; Ohio R. R. to a little place called Old Town to look after some guerrillas who had been burning bridges, destroying property and killing Union families living in that vicinity, and nine miles south, near a town called Romney. We went into camp just south of the depot in an orchard, intending to locate this band if possible.

In the course of a week we located them. The leader was a man named Wood. He lived back of the main road and three miles northeast of Romney. The gang consisted of about 12 men. They were armed with double-barreled shotguns; some of them had revolvers. As near as we could find out they were a desperate set. We got into the information from a young, good-looking Union woman who would come down to our camp once or twice a week in a one-horse wagon and sell our boys pies and cakes, or trade for sugar and coffee. This woman seemed very anxious to have this gang taken or killed. I think her name was Mary Hall. She was a widow, with one son, Hall, who lived where Wood and his gang made their headquarters, and that their regular meeting nights were on Sundays, when they would make plans for their operations. The meeting place was in an old gin-house that stood in a lone place part of Wood's farm. One of our boys, George Williston, told me that he had seen the place. He had told us the truth about this gang of bushwhackers. George hid himself and watched this gin-house for several nights and "got on the lay" of the band. They met on the next Sunday night, with 20 men under Lieut. Miller, of Co. H, crept to the gin-house and surrounded it and broke in the doors. The guerrillas were taken by surprise and were completely taken by surprise. They tried to make a rush for their guns standing in a corner of the room, but when being called on to surrender, with a score of cocked rifles aimed at their heads, they threw up their hands. They were marched out, and the house, with the guns in it, was set on fire. The next morning the guerrillas were taken on board the cars at Cumberland. After that I went to a few Mr. Hall's several times and got a good dinner and a hearty invitation to come back again.

I want to tell of a little surprise I gave my company—G, 10th Ohio Cav. Just after the fall of the city of Savannah, my company was detailed to guard a fort captured from the Confederates several miles west of Savannah, on the main road. Forget what the name of the fort was. There had been plenty of shot and shell thrown in and around the fort before the surrender, and just east of the fort, in a strip of woods, where our guns had been trained the ground was well strewn with shells, both large and small, that had not exploded.

As we had nothing to do in the way of duty, time hanging heavy on our hands, one day just after dinner I was out in the woods strolling around. Seeing the exploded shells, the thought struck me to have a bombardment of my own. So I picked out a good place where some old boys had buried up the big shells, and I placed about 50 of them along lengthwise end-to-end between these logs; then gathered up dry bark and brush and covered the shells. After that was done, I set a match and set fire to the dry wood, and the fire started with a rush. Then I was in a hurry to get back to the fort, and I thought that the officers would not find out I had done the mischief. It was some 80 rods to the fort, and I started off on the double-quick and ran a roundabout way.

I entered from the opposite end. There was a large shade tree standing in the center of the fort, and within this most of the company were lounging. I went to this tree, laid down my rifle and waited for the shells to go off. I did not have to wait long, for at once the battle of the shells started. The shells exploded, and the thought struck me to have a bombardment of my own. So I picked out a good place where some old boys had buried up the big shells, and I placed about 50 of them along lengthwise end-to-end between these logs; then gathered up dry bark and brush and covered the shells. After that was done, I set a match and set fire to the dry wood, and the fire started with a rush. Then I was in a hurry to get back to the fort, and I thought that the officers would not find out I had done the mischief. It was some 80 rods to the fort, and I started off on the double-quick and ran a roundabout way.

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## FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

A TRIO OF ANECDOTES.

War Experiences as Sketched by a Member of the 84th Ohio.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was a member of Co. H, 84th Ohio, in the Summer of 1862 the regiment was stationed at Cumberland, Md. In June Cos. H and D were sent out to picket the Baltimore &amp; Ohio R. R. to a little place called Old Town to look after some guerrillas who had been burning bridges, destroying property and killing Union families living in that vicinity, and nine miles south, near a town called Romney. We went into camp just south of the depot in an orchard, intending to locate this band if possible.

In the course of a week we located them. The leader was a man named Wood. He lived back of the main road and three miles northeast of Romney. The gang consisted of about 12 men. They were armed with double-barreled shotguns; some of them had revolvers. As near as we could find out they were a desperate set. We got into the information from a young, good-looking Union woman who would come down to our camp once or twice a week in a one-horse wagon and sell our boys pies and cakes, or trade for sugar and coffee. This woman seemed very anxious to have this gang taken or killed. I think her name was Mary Hall. She was a widow, with one son, Hall, who lived where Wood and his gang made their headquarters, and that their regular meeting nights were on Sundays, when they would make plans for their operations. The meeting place was in an old gin-house that stood in a lone place part of Wood's farm. One of our boys, George Williston, told me that he had seen the place. He had told us the truth about this gang of bushwhackers. George hid himself and watched this gin-house for several nights and "got on the lay" of the band. They met on the next Sunday night, with 20 men under Lieut. Miller, of Co. H, crept to the gin-house and surrounded it and broke in the doors. The guerrillas were taken by surprise and were completely taken by surprise. They tried to make a rush for their guns standing in a corner of the room, but when being called on to surrender, with a score of cocked rifles aimed at their heads, they threw up their hands. They were marched out, and the house, with the guns in it, was set on fire. The next morning the guerrillas were taken on board the cars at Cumberland. After that I went to a few Mr. Hall's several times and got a good dinner and a hearty invitation to come back again.

I want to tell of a little surprise I gave my company—G, 10th Ohio Cav. Just after the fall of the city of Savannah, my company was detailed to guard a fort captured from the Confederates several miles west of Savannah, on the main road. Forget what the name of the fort was. There had been plenty of shot and shell thrown in and around the fort before the surrender, and just east of the fort, in a strip of woods, where our guns had been trained the ground was well strewn with shells, both large and small, that had not exploded.

As we had nothing to do in the way of duty, time hanging heavy on our hands, one day just after dinner I was out in the woods strolling around. Seeing the exploded shells, the thought struck me to have a bombardment of my own. So I picked out a good place where some old boys had buried up the big shells, and I placed about 50 of them along lengthwise end-to-end between these logs; then gathered up dry bark and brush and covered the shells. After that was done, I set a match and set fire to the dry wood, and the fire started with a rush. Then I was in a hurry to get back to the fort, and I thought that the officers would not find out I had done the mischief. It was some 80 rods to the fort, and I started off on the double-quick and ran a roundabout way.